

The Weekly News.

BY HENRI F. MIDDLETON.

VOL. 16: NO. 10.

TRUTH AND OUR NATIVE LAND—FAITHFULLY, FAITHFULLY, AND FIRMLY.

SHELBYVILLE, KENTUCKY, MARCH 7, 1855.

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The Weekly News.

Devoted to Politics, Literature, Miscellaneous, and General Intelligence, in the latest and cheapest village newspaper published in the State, paid for by subscription, or by order of the Editor, to single subscribers, at TWO DOLLARS A YEAR, IN ADVANCE.

For 25 years, the Weekly News has been published, and has been successful in its career. It has been a constant source of information to the public, and has been a constant source of amusement to the readers. It has been a constant source of information to the public, and has been a constant source of amusement to the readers.

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The Shelby News.

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"OUR KATE" or the Ride on Horseback.

"Dearest Harry! how kind he is."

Such was the exclamation of "Our Kate," as, attracted by the sound of ringing hoofs upon the gravelled walk, she hastily sprang to an open window,—just in time to see her handsome husband dismount from a fine, spirited looking steed, whilst he held the bridle of a lady's palfrey, seeming far more docile and gentle in appearance. Glancing up, and catching a glimpse of her dark eyes, he merely shouted:

"Come, Kate! are you ready?"

"Ready, indeed! Pray, how should I not be ready? Why did not you tell me!" she exclaimed, as a glow of pleasure lighted up her beautiful face.

"I was not sure I could leave the counting-room, and I hated to disappoint you," was his reply.

"And then you loved to surprise me! but no matter, I will not keep you waiting!" and with a ringing laugh, she disappeared to don her riding costume.

And very beautiful she appeared, as he gazed with undiminished admiration at the bright little figure before him; very lovely that sylph-like form, habited in a long blue riding-dress, whose heavy folds fell in a waving mass nearly to the dust; with its blue-veined temples, and wealth of shining hair; the full red lips, just parted with a sunny smile, and the cheek crimsoned with the flush of happiness;—very tender was the spirit of joy that looked out from her beaming eyes; and very happy the little heart that fluttered in that beating bosom.

The dark blue velvet cap, with its flowing plumes of snow and azure, but added to her picturesque beauty.

"Come, now for the 'Fairy Glen,'" she exclaimed, tapping him playfully with her whip. "I long for some of those wild roses, that bloomed there so profusely last year."

Harry answered with a joyous laugh; and springing into the saddle, they bounded off the street,—many eyes attracted by that handsome pair, so rich in youth, happiness, and joy.

It was a lovely evening; the cool spring breeze gently purred through the openings of the grand old hills, where the dark bright waters of a beautiful stream met the eye; on the opposite bank another hill stretched itself, with its mossy, verdurous-covered terraces. A purple haze, gathered between these hills, had ascended in wreathing, misty folds, to the top of the distant hills, where it rested, lending fullness to the scene. A few light fleecy clouds floated in the zenith, as though they were feathers, torn from the plumage of some white bird, and cast into the sky;—at first, pure and untinted as flakes of snow, they gave a deeper intensity to the dark blue; then changed to the warm hue of love's own rose, or turned to drops of molten gold; some were violet, rimmed with gold; some were purple, streaked with faintest pink, and silver-edged. The woods were dense and fragrant with the perfume of the wild grape; the wary spider, weaving his network from bough to bough, to entangle the joyous sunlight, while the birds shook the trees with melody.

But now for the Fairy Glen.—It was a beautiful ravine, closed on all sides, except one, by steep, rocky banks, covered with moss and lichens, and which towered gigantic forest trees; and nearly in the centre, a rippling brook bubbled its merry song, and then trickled away over its pebbly bed, murmuring to the soft grass and blue violets that hid their bright eyes under its shady margin; a wild-wood rose hung its branches over the basin of the stream, sending forth sweet odors to greet the soft south wind, as it crept slowly up the valley, whispering and sighing to the many listening leaves, and parting, with wooing kisses, the half-reclined lips of the crimson-hearted flowers.

The shadows began to lengthen over the ravine, stretching longer and longer o'er the thick green grass, ere Kate was willing to leave for home. Naturally possessed of a truly poetic temperament, which had been chastened and refined by intercourse with Harry's highly cultivated mind;—the world, in its most silent aspects, were a beautiful smile for her. Riding on horseback had been a very passion with her during childhood; and now, seated upon her spirited steed, with Harry by her side, so quod upon her gilded throne; she bore so proud and happy a heart; she bounded over rocks and hills, as wild and frolicsome as the breeze that wanted around her sunny curls.

"Well, I would like to see my wife tricked out in such gew-gaws, and parading herself for the admiration of the public!" exclaimed a prim-st, sour-visaged individual, as the happy pair alighted at their own door.—Kate bounding in, kissed the tips of her pretty fingers to Harry, who rode off with a proud yet happy smile. "I would just like to see her at it!" he exclaimed, resolutely setting himself, as if he had swallowed the poker, and was making an iron effort to digest it. "A pretty pass, when a woman can't distinguish the difference between being married and being a girl; has no idea of the dignity and responsibility conferred upon her. I have no patience with such unbecoming ways, galloping the streets in that manner."

"But her husband was with her," suggested a pale, meek-eyed little woman, by his side.

"Oh, yes! and more fool he, to be caught by a pretty face into making himself ridiculous. I would like to see you try that game with me!" and, in his excitement, he was somewhat wounded out of his impenetrable armor, upon which he especially prided himself, deeming it beneath his dignity to evince a sense of the existence of anything but his own coat, his dinner, his polished boots and shirt collar! "What would you look like, with a cap and feathers? Why, you would be the laughing stock of the place!"

True, my dear sir; it would seem very ridiculous for that poor little woman to have to have a smile on her lips. She has

learned her lesson too well for that!—smiles are for girls and children; not married women, unless their husbands smile. Have you not taught her to look upon the gushing merriment of her girlhood with holy remorse, and happily delivered her from all such inclinations of levity? Slowly and sadly, by your iron looks, your Mede and Persian laws, have you not worn her loving heart away, until her step has lost its spring, her eye its sparkle, and one may listen long for her musical laugh? And yet, she could laugh once;—aye, and sing, too! But that was when the bright flush of youth and hope on her brow. Now, that pale face tells many a sad tale of carping cares; of habitual fault-finding; of the daily struggle of her warm sunny heart, to thaw the human icicle to whom she is bound. They are small things that make up the sum of human happiness, or misery;—a smile, a kind word, will strengthen us for the duties and tasks of life, more than the broad shelter of a palace-roof, or the richest and most delicate viands. While a reproachful glance, a biting word, a cold, heartless sneer, falls on the heart like mildew, causing the flowers and dreams of youth, to wither years before their time. Cut off from the innocent pleasures that youth so eloquently pleads for, and no loving sympathy, no intellectual amusements substituted in their stead; no wonder she has become a mere household drudge; her horizon bounded by her husband's newspaper, and the darning needle! What right had she to know anything of the poetry of nature,—the sunny skies,—the soft, fleecy clouds,—the song of birds, and the many glorious forms that beauty wears in her wild-wood home? Kate's joyousness was no poetry to her. Visions of dark frowns, bustling looks, varied with devout ejaculations for strength to endure all his trials, were fitting before her, with confused recollections of cold, comfortable meals, where the grand Mogul presided in dignified silence, or monosyllabic answers: because the nice rolls were so fond of laying away under his shining vest "were not brown to a nicety;" and vivid remembrances of poor little Tommy getting an extra box on the ears, for asking "if he might not have a piece of nice buttered toast, like papa?" Too true, my dear sir, she can never wear "Our Kate's" bonnie cap and plumes; and what is far worse, she can never wear the beaming smile of happiness, that dispels her blushing cheek, as refreshed, and yet somewhat fatigued by her exhilarating ride, she falls asleep, her head pillowed on Harry's manly breast, while visions of blue skies, soft breezes, wooded hills, and flower-wreathed valleys, mingled with the breath of roses, the murmurings of the Fairy Glen streamlet, and Harry's dear loved voice, float softly thro' her dreams. Happy Kate! Thank heaven, there are more Harry's than one in the world.

Yes; Cora Greenville was one whom God had blessed. Who could look into that bright eye, and on that graceful form, and not admire it? And say she was not made to fill a higher place in society than that of a dress-maker? So, thought Mr. M., as he saw her move out of his store, I will place her in a better position, if I can. She shall not wear out her young life in unceasing toil. They were married. Cora was a happy wife; but she did not forget to be thankful for blessings received.

"THE PASSIONATE FATHER.—At that again! can't you hush crying, while I eat my dinner? What has got into you,—always whining when I come home?"

Willie is not well, my dear; meekly interposed Mrs. Green. He has not been well for some time.

That is no reason why he should annoy everybody about the house. Hush! Willie; or I will;—and the hand was raised in a threatening attitude.

Poor little Willie laid down in his little bed, and kept back his sobs as best he could, until his father had finished his dinner. When he was gone, he laid his head on his mother's breast, and cried himself to sleep.

What a wealth of love and sunshine crowded in that little heart! How it would have made his bright eyes dance with joy, if his father had brought him some trifling toy, to have amused him with. No; such a thought never came into his selfish mind. All should try to make him happy; as if such a thing was possible! To make him happy, indeed, that never did a kind act in his life! Toil on young mother; if no stray sunbeam comes across your path here, there is a brighter home above.

My OLDEST SISTER.—My mother was a widow when my father married her. She had one daughter—my oldest sister.—I wish you could have seen her. My mother died before I was a month old; that may be the cause of my loving my sister so much;—but I do not think it was—it was because she was so good. She used to take me in her arms, and rock me, and tell me about the angels, and about their being colored in white. I never saw her put on a white dress, but I thought of the angels. When she would go on a visit, I was very unhappy until she came back. Then there came a man to see sister, and Mary, my nurse, said that he would marry sister, and take her off. How I cried that night, and wished he never had come there. They were married, and she went away. Then every place looked so lonesome. I did not hear from her often. My step-mother did not write to her often, and I was too young to learn, she said. Two long years passed away, and she came to see us. I was very happy then; and she told us she was going back again. Then Ruby and I thought very wicked things about Mr. R.—and wished—no difference what—if she went back again. In two more years she came to see us again; and this time she said I must go home with her.—Oh! how glad I was, when papa said I might go. I was very sorry to leave Ruby and grandpapa; but then I was going to the city, and home to my sister Julia. So I went, and my mother, the cook, and made her promise to sew the buttons on grandpapa's clothes when they came off; and I asked mamma to let Mary keep his little room nice. Then I told them all good-bye. When I went to get in the carriage, papa kissed me, and helped me in.—I really thought he loved me then!

Away we went to the city.—Houses, stores, gay show-windows, the beggars, the gaily dressed people,—it all seemed more like a dream than reality. All this was nothing to compare with the pleasure of being with my sister. How pleasant everything she told me to do seemed to be.—(How love lightens labor!) How quickly I could learn long verses, that used to seem too dull. I staid four months,—four bright months; and then, papa sent for me to come home. Years have flown by; but I have never forgotten the lessons I then learnt. Dark days have come, and sorrow has weighed my heart; but when I thought of her, it was a ray of sunlight in my path, and often I have thanked the Giver of all things, for the blessings of an older sister.

Why don't married ladies improve their minds? "I'm sure they have nothing to do but to improve." How true! I suppose you have tried it, have you, Mr. Treacle? Why don't you improve your mind? You never had your hands and heart full of babies, and old clothes to mend; closets to look over; pants of dear Walter's to make over for little Johnny; stockings to knit for the children; careless servants to see after; have Walter's dicker of an immaculate whiteness, and still work all mamma's hand, coming down on your head, would dry tears and make my needle go faster. But the lump in my throat would n't go away; and grandpapa did n't look happy, like he used to.

After a while, we had a little brother.—Oh! we loved the little baby; till we thought papa loved it better than he did us. When I used to go up behind his chair, and talk to little brother, he did not notice me. Then I would go off in grandpapa's little room and cry, and wonder if my own mamma was here if she would n't love Ruby and me like grandpapa did.

Some day, when I was a little older, I was taken to the city, and I saw my mother, and she was so good. She used to take me in her arms, and rock me, and tell me about the angels, and about their being colored in white. I never saw her put on a white dress, but I thought of the angels. When she would go on a visit, I was very unhappy until she came back. Then there came a man to see sister, and Mary, my nurse, said that he would marry sister, and take her off. How I cried that night, and wished he never had come there. They were married, and she went away. Then every place looked so lonesome. I did not hear from her often. My step-mother did not write to her often, and I was too young to learn, she said. Two long years passed away, and she came to see us. I was very happy then; and she told us she was going back again. Then Ruby and I thought very wicked things about Mr. R.—and wished—no difference what—if she went back again. In two more years she came to see us again; and this time she said I must go home with her.—Oh! how glad I was, when papa said I might go. I was very sorry to leave Ruby and grandpapa; but then I was going to the city, and home to my sister Julia. So I went, and my mother, the cook, and made her promise to sew the buttons on grandpapa's clothes when they came off; and I asked mamma to let Mary keep his little room nice. Then I told them all good-bye. When I went to get in the carriage, papa kissed me, and helped me in.—I really thought he loved me then!

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Some day, when I was a little older, I was taken to the city, and I saw my mother, and she was so good. She used to take me in her arms, and rock me, and tell me about the angels, and about their being colored in white. I never saw her put on a white dress, but I thought of the angels. When she would go on a visit, I was very unhappy until she came back. Then there came a man to see sister, and Mary, my nurse, said that he would marry sister, and take her off. How I cried that night, and wished he never had come there. They were married, and she went away. Then every place looked so lonesome. I did not hear from her often. My step-mother did not write to her often, and I was too young to learn, she said. Two long years passed away, and she came to see us. I was very happy then; and she told us she was going back again. Then Ruby and I thought very wicked things about Mr. R.—and wished—no difference what—if she went back again. In two more years she came to see us again; and this time she said I must go home with her.—Oh! how glad I was, when papa said I might go. I was very sorry to leave Ruby and grandpapa; but then I was going to the city, and home to my sister Julia. So I went, and my mother, the cook, and made her promise to sew the buttons on grandpapa's clothes when they came off; and I asked mamma to let Mary keep his little room nice. Then I told them all good-bye. When I went to get in the carriage, papa kissed me, and helped me in.—I really thought he loved me then!

Away we went to the city.—Houses, stores, gay show-windows, the beggars, the gaily dressed people,—it all seemed more like a dream than reality. All this was nothing to compare with the pleasure of being with my sister. How pleasant everything she told me to do seemed to be.—(How love lightens labor!) How quickly I could learn long verses, that used to seem too dull. I staid four months,—four bright months; and then, papa sent for me to come home. Years have flown by; but I have never forgotten the lessons I then learnt. Dark days have come, and sorrow has weighed my heart; but when I thought of her, it was a ray of sunlight in my path, and often I have thanked the Giver of all things, for the blessings of an older sister.

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